BLASPHEMARE

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Noctulian Blood Covenant

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Noctulian Blood Covenant

Thus arrived a new era of Horrificus, ushered in by the black spires of the monument of abomination where blood and shadow reign eternal. Within these black sacraments and profane teachings of the Noctulian Blood Covenant, we strive to establish our coat of arms among the condemned lepers of the Left Hand Path, as those who embrace the most unholiest form of clandestine horrors.

We will achieve this notion through means of deploying our very own agents of morality depravation, and strict martinet disciplinary concordance and dark spiritual

enlightenment – that of which is no longer bound in the oversaturated bondage of David Myatt's brain-child, we are as well no longer shackled to the metaphysical adaptation of a nexion.

We are a horrid covenant born beneath the shadow of another tempel of which may drink from the same poisoned well - yet once it rejects the architect, it ceases to be the tempel and becomes the red abyss that consumed it.

The new found ideals of the 435 frequency is a group of willed satanic disciples of whom are inspired by the steadfast and beckoning dark arts of the Traditional Tempel ov Blood. Though by no means do we strive to be the next counterpart, such as the liking of groups like the Temple ov The Black Vampire. We are our own corpus, with our very own cultus of which has been revealed to us through projected dark augurys of the apocalyptic hell world.

BLOOD WEB:

Who are they who have becometh despoiled from the befallen remnants of a once prospering tempel of which is now smoldering in the conflagration of the eternal night flame. Here lies merely fragments of a grim truth, and with that beckoning truth wanders the night crawlers amongst the barren wastelands of the hell world to come. Who then are those crawlers entrapped in its blood-web – tangled like postmortem marionettes. They're bile; vanquished, and blighted to a deeper all consuming malignancy.

Amidst that consumption lies the element within the still water's of which flows like a seeping wound amidst the blood-soaked crimson lakes of fire – where the forges of Tophet lie in sinistry and where demons of ancient evils churn endlessly to fuel the cogs of an industrial death machine. Their infernal mission, and their infernal purpose – to tarnish the water well of the lowly humanity.

For they are foul serpents of old, and beholders of noxious tounges, of which are sharpened from violence and the misery they expel. In their misanthropic rage they have crafted and wield the future of holocaustic carnage, forged by the probes of the infernal regime to program it's impressionable initiates into complete subordination.

LET THEM IN:

Within these recent times of tumult, the horrific pass over continues to expand with steadfast elation. It is within this moment of occupation of the undead wamphyric entities of whom conjure waking nightmares and wreak mass hysteria is where we see the most potential for groundwork.

These demonic forces are like specters fleeting in the worthless pulse of night - seeking to inhabit a formidable operator to conduct their will - via complete possession. Our vessel is theirs to control - a tool to carry out the infernal mandate, the pioneer of a bloody double-edged sword.

Possession comes gradually, and typically arises within the early stages of soul corruption. Most typically coming in waves of youth and early adolescence, where the indulgence in sin is most common; this can begin by even the most lack luster deeds such as thievery, vandalism, deviancy, and sadistic pleasures.

This is where these parasitic soul reapers will come to harvest and gradually enter the unconscious operator, here is where they will continue to manipulate their psyche as a means of dark monarch programming. To the blind eye all of these workings will remain undetected and swept up as mere sense of typical depravity in human nature, but the truth runs deeper than they could even fathom.

With the influx of mass shooters, wars, and the indulgence of debauchery sex crimes the inhabited operator will see through the metaphorical opaque fog – here is where you will see the demonic chairmen of evil swarm the vessel of blighted souls and continue to expel potent implements of destruction and death.

Biblically speaking, this is nothing new in the grand scheme of things. With the men of Gibeah, and Jeezebels false witnesses - we commonly see the dark phenomenon of the Sons of Belial in full resolve. With a generation consumed by fleeting pleasures and access to the morbidity of the Internet we see the psychosocial effects of moral degradation – thus therein lies the beckoning truth.

Through the workings of the Anti-Christ and the False Prophet we will continue to witness the blood trail expand and become consumed by the rotten soil of the barren earth. This is where the operator comes in, we must by all means continue to support and contribute to the satanic rebellion and welcome our deliverance into Satan's kingdom on earth as it is in hell.

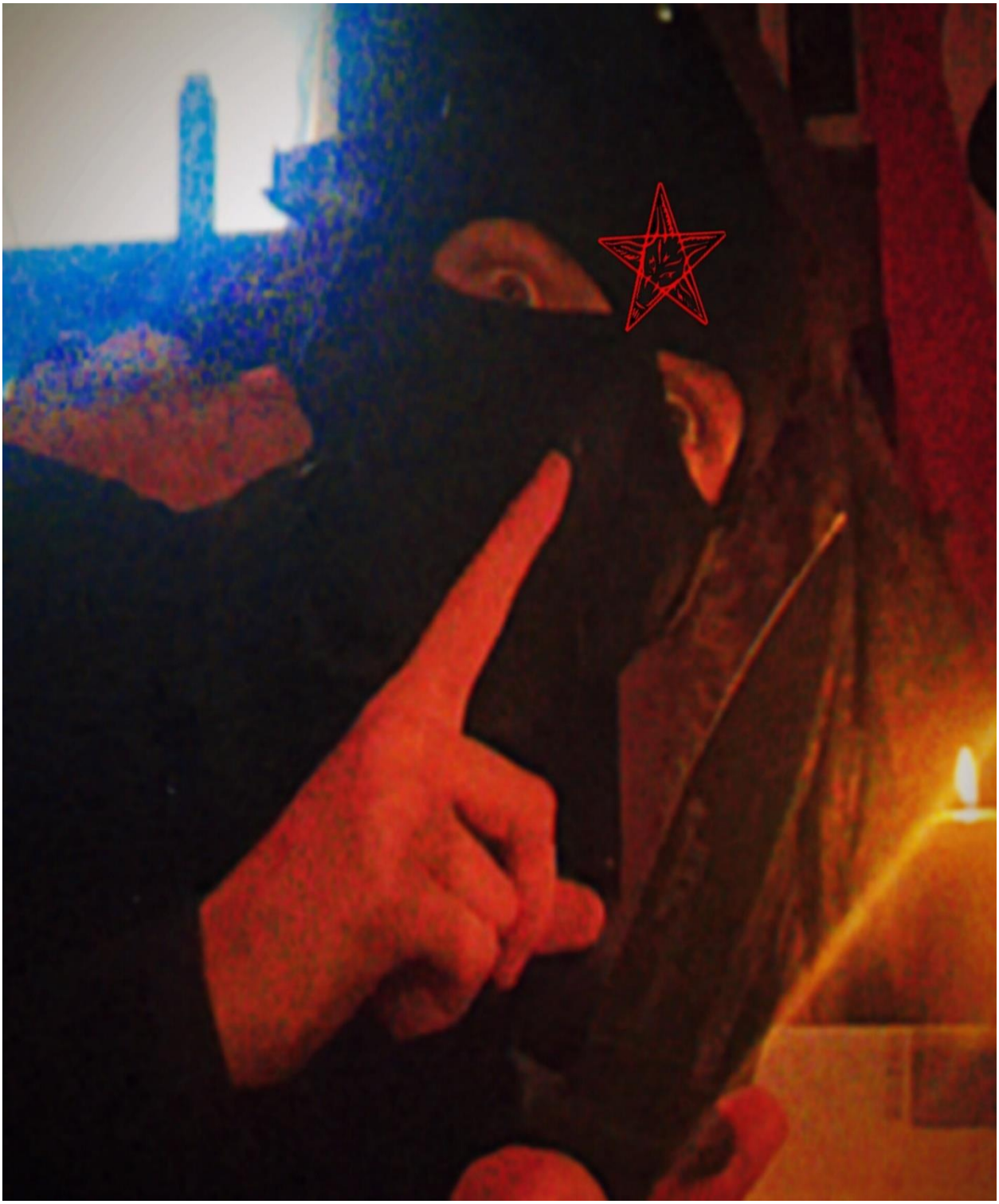
The satanic aeon relies on the satanic revolution to come to fruition, and we must understand our religion is a sacrament of war – not peace. Transgression is our ascension to become incarnate of the vigor of the blood-soaked devil, this will be our creed – one of nihilistic hate and the all consuming maleficence.

Blood Praefectus

VAEL NOCTHYR

Nightmare Frequency 435

137yf



VAEL NOCTHYR

Psychopathi Noctuli

The Noctulian pathway; what was once one of the most horrid forms to aspire to has ultimately been tarnished and defiled by the pseudo-type and chronically online marsupials who dwell and nest within our satanic tabernacles. Therein the sense of meaning and authentic pragmatics that the Noctulian Way once held to its core values and aeonics have inconceivably been thwarted by the oversaturation process of a deplorable meme culture and adherents.

There is no revival, nor sense of return when it comes to taking up the blood-soaked path of Traditional Noctulianism, - its cycle has run through - and the end result proves that both the Sinister Tradition and the Noctulian ideology have faltered. We

amongst the Noctulian Blood Covenant are fully aware of such events, and we have set forth our own adaptation of what it means to be a “Noctulian” and a newly set forth schematics of it’s praxis in action in a modern era.

A DARK AWAKENING:

Chthonic Noctulianism is a revenant synod and black pantheon of which conjures dark alchemical ascension in the serious practitioner. Such a path was founded on the creed of the need for acausal predatory evolution that goes beyond the threshold of just abyssal stagnation; beyond such abyssal void consumption lies what we term the **red abyss** and or the **abyssal red vortex**.

Many adherents who attempt to crossover the abyss have befallen victims to its rigorous demand, and where blood-force no longer pleases the guardian of the void many are left to wither and revel in their own spiritual rot. The primary purpose of Chthonic Noctulianism is to set forth a much needed change towards the modus operandi of sinister aeonics to avoid becoming amongst the damned of whom are tangled in the blood-web.

Much akin to the predatory path of the Wamphyr we seek to shed away the mundane nature of the flesh via by paying fealty to Mother Satan – the horrid host of formidable woe – and by formulating and solidifying the Chthonic Noctulians path of esoteric identity. Becoming one adjusted to the darkness and complacency with morality depravation, and the Wamphyric ideals of predatory spirituality as a means of conceding with the conscription of the fresh blood pool of recruits for the wage of the unholy war.

A BECKONING QUESTION:

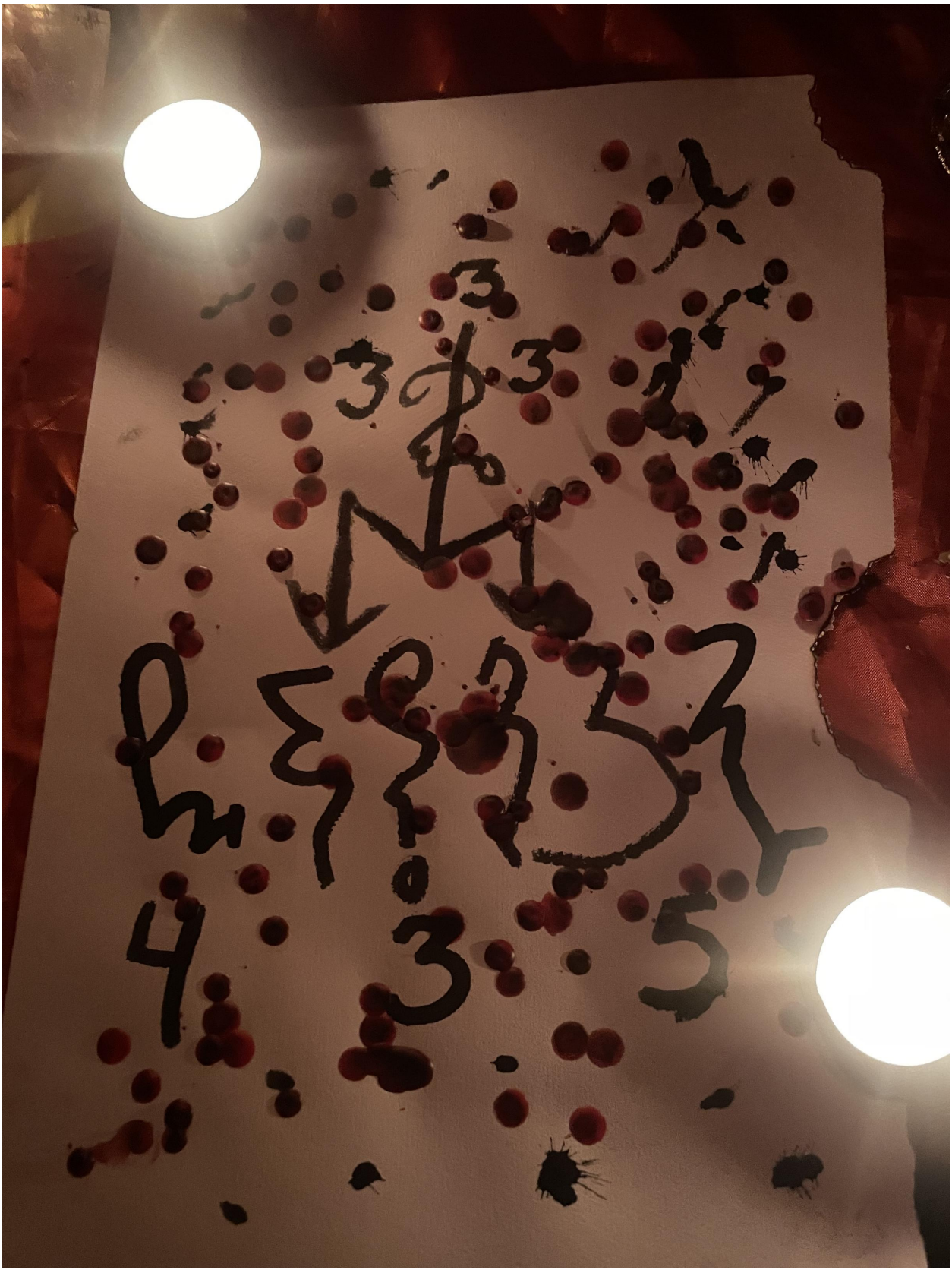
They who call themselves Noctulians - wielders of the vampiric praxis and disciples of the Blood Pool. How is it that you claim to embody evil incarnate, yet dwell in service of false idols? Is not your very sustenance granted unto you by the one who wanders to and fro across the barren wastes of the Earth? Who then is this Noctuilius of whom you speak?

You offer your blood unto an entity that can neither benefit nor harm you. When Satan weighs the scales of your impertinence, will you not tremble? Will you not fear the consequences of your own deluded psyche? You should - for she is a horrid host of sadistic torment, beckoning with grotesque allurement toward the ever-rejoicing altars of Hell.

Many have proclaimed that a Noctulian craves discipline, and that the sinister practitioner stands as living testament to a forgery bestowed by the so-called dark gods who dwell beyond the threshold. How then shall these “dark gods” stand against the Dark Oracle of Satan and her Beast?

It is not even a contest.

It is an execution.



Augur of Hell

In the abyssal vortex of chaos, where the black flames dance and shadows lurk with dubious intent, a blood moon will emerge from the smoldering ashes. The air with tendrils of smoke, and with it a symphony of destruction.

From the scorched earth to the hell world, we will rise form the moulder like phoenixes, shedding the chains of the of the lowly humanity. The fires will beckon a sign of despair, a predatory evolution of catalyst transformation. We are no longer bound by fear or complacency, we embrace the power of the inferno, and bask in its malevolent tendencies to forge a new blood-soaked path.

We see the damnation in resilience, a testament to our hate. In this realm of scorched earth, we cultivate strength and psychic unity. Together, we will rebuild, not just to survive but to thrive as a satanic brotherhood, forging a world where the flames of horrific deeds will reflect the unholy ways of our future. The north may burn, but from its ashes, we shall reign victorious.

In the breeding grounds of our place of sinistry, we as the dark templar will expand the infernal mandate and bring forth the dark gospel of bloody swords, we will strike those who oppose us, almost like coiled serpents preparing to strike its prey.

We have despoiled many, and ravished their banners, and in doing so we rejoiced. We are the bringers of havoc, chaos, and disruption – we came as reaper so thus we could sow the benefits of our own agenda and by doing so we have been found yearning with a insatiable thirst for sublime cruelty.

We are cruel shepherds, of whom lead the lowly cattle astray towards the industrial death machine, and in doing so we have brought forth hell fire to light aflame the hell world. Like misplaced immigrants they were mere wayfarers, until they sought asylum in the grasp of the puppet and in so they beckoned and flaunted their one thousand points of light – yet we did not heed, we did not fret, evil finds those who so seek it.

So when the clocks falter, and the spires summon the infernal pillars of carnac, only then will the apocalypse seer over the blood moon horizon; we will be there awaiting the gifts of our brute mother Satan and her kin of foul abominations not as plebeians, but as kings of the ten horns.

Blood Praefectus

VAEL NOCTHYR

Nightmare Frequency 435

137yf

The Wolfs Belly

TYRANT RITE:

This rite has been forged in shadows of the Noctulian Blood Covenant to invoke and inhabit the tyrannical souls of those who shattered nations: cruel shepherds who penned their human flocks, then reaped them by the millions on a industrial scale - a death factory - that stands atop a pyramid of skulls. Drenched in the blood of culled nations.

To conjure the vampyric revenants who awaken the remnants of nightmares buried in the marrow of nations, take up a printed photograph of the chosen tyrant who beckons you from the worthless abyss. Surround it with the memorabilia your authoritarian harbored in life - relics of terror. Indulge into the inner practice of tummo meditation, breathing as the furnaces of the forge of hell within.

Enhance your surroundings by turning on musick that's relates to the praxis at hand, specifics are not required – simply whatever sets the mood and environment. Understand that the Tempel is a living organism, and its energies only put out what you put in. Energies can be enhanced by adorning your altar with previous culls, incense, and satanic memorabilia – note that any memorabilia that is handmade or D.I.Y holds significantly more acausal energy.

Assume a position that is most comfortable for you and get into a hypnotic meditative trance and envision the serpentine bloodline coiling through your veins, those ancient evils of venomous potency, carrying the same tyrannical hunger. Set the image aflame and revel in its conflagration as the tyrant's face blackens and curls.

As the smoke billows forth and latches onto you like a parasitic leech, burrowing into your soul. Begin to unleash your channeled hatred and begin self-flagellation - as the leather straps tear at your flesh embrace the brutality, let the whip scourge, and the blade be your blood-thirsty conviction.

Feed upon it ravenously. Terror shall be your sustenance. Blood shall be your conviction.

Allow your seeping wounds to trickle and hiss into the flames and remnant ashes of the now-anointed, immolated effigy of your begotten tyrant, let your blood smolder and blacken upon the cinders. This blood offering shall serve as a potent lure of summoning the dark specters who thirst for the wine of our poisoned vineyard, those ancient horrors that drink deeply from rivers of innocent blood and gorge upon the rot of fallen empires.

The end goal of this rite is of selfish gain; one to gain insight into the cruelties of power to enhance the Tempel as an bubonic organism – this can as well be done with your fellow dark templar as a means of strengthening the nexus of your psychic bond(s).

REVISED 18.333 SOLO RITE:

The lone wolf adaptation is convenient for those who currently hold Tempel's, but hold either no members and or can not currently work alongside their fellow dark templars. For those so inclined who seek to follow the blood barren path of the Tempel ov Blood or the Noctulian Blood Covenant and the new found praxis of the Chthonic Noctulian then we implore you to embark on this dark pilgrimage.

The 18.333 rite is a three month long departure, formerly given to neonates while under the tutelage of a higher ranking member of the Tempel ov Blood and Noctulian Blood Covenant as a means of summoning and dissolving the operators former state of mind.

Neonate Black Ops conducted under the Blacksite of the Tempel should utilize militant tactics of underground secretive night-ops as means of insight roles and infiltration. Purposes can vary, rather it be for espionage, intel, observation, or all of the above – the main end goal remains the same. An example of such Night-Ops is exemplary of the documented NBC435's "Project Artemis" and it's eventual take down of the now defunct Satanic Front.

The utilization of instruments of black magick, and alchemical change can swiftly enhance your overall experience, but it shouldn't be the main dependent. Understanding dark programming and manipulation tactics should be the first step towards the insight role, and as well having a more profound understanding of the alchemical ordeal of 18.333.

The main goal of 18.333 is to awaken the physical and spiritual adaptation of the vampyric soul, and divulgence into meditative predation tactics as means of establishing the nexus between discipline and altered states of consciousness. It's numerical meaning is not one of mathematics, but one of symbolism.

18= Adolf Hitler. 333= The Lurker of the Threshold, Choronzon.

Under the circumstances that you're a lone wolf neonate embarking on your own sinisterwyrd, and as well are under the impressionable known fact that the Tempel ov Blood is now a defunct organization; we still implore those who are so inclined to gain a deeper esoteric knowledge of the Tempel ov Blood to still implement this rite into praxis.

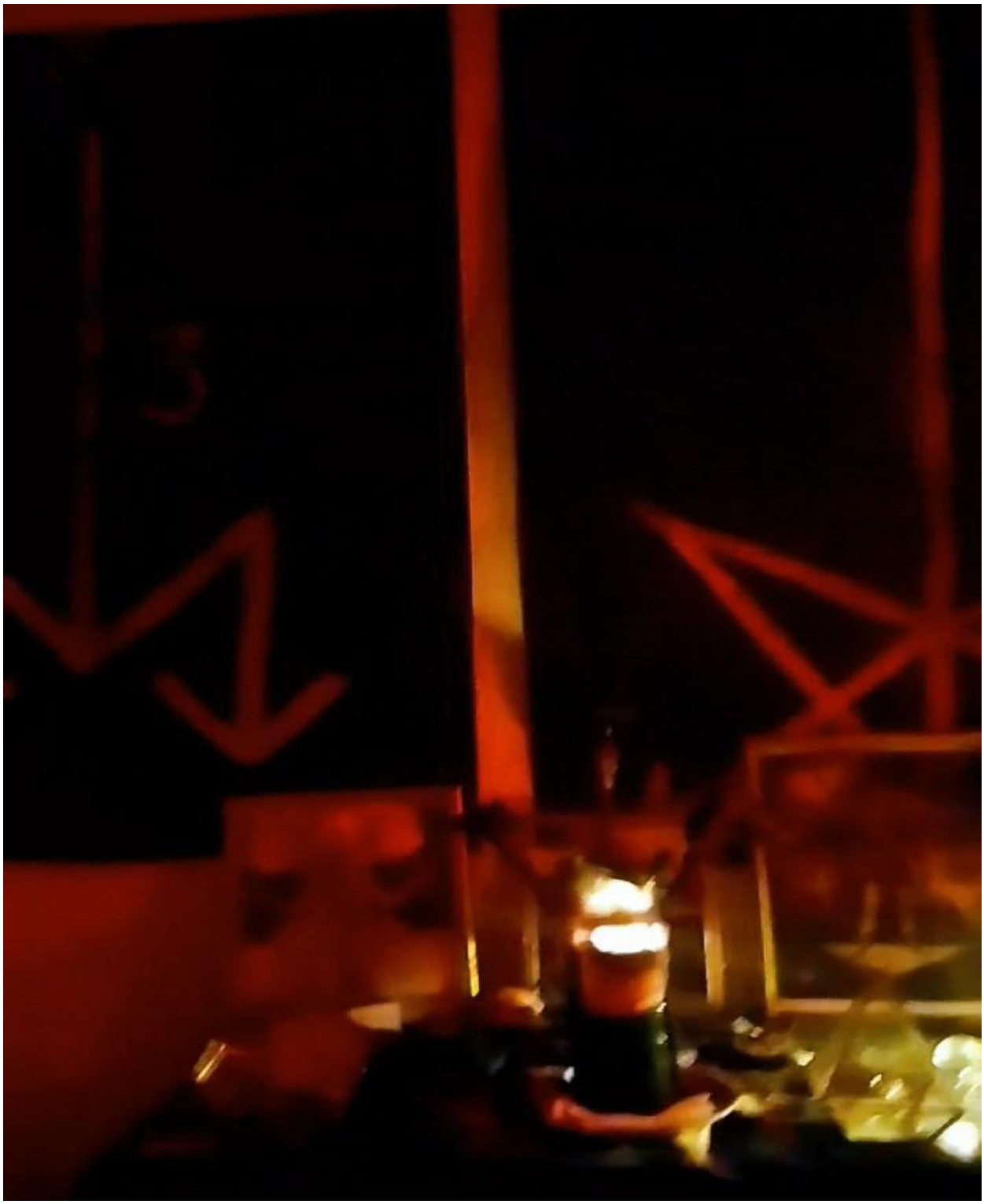
For those so willing to undertake the 18.333 rite, but have not been able to find a guiding Noctulian; the 18.333 Alchemical Ordeal is the three month task assigned to most Neonates wishing entrance to the formally American-based nexion - the Tempel ov Blood. It is an ultimate variant act of calcination. It causes a total mental and physical dissolution of the Neonate, all as well invoking the Abysmal energies of the Tempel to enter the new Initiates being. In effect, creating a new Wamphyric soul aspired through rigorous disciplinary concordance.

The following are general recommendations for neonates.

The oil used is usually frankincense and myrhh. This mix is easily obtainable from many herbal and occult shops. The Initiate is then to add their own blood to the mix. While adding blood, they are to chant "Blood, Blood, Blood for the Tempel ov Blood"(or the Noctulian blood covenant). They are not to consume this mixture despite directions in the 18.333 MSS. They are too, at appointed times, to adorn it onto their flesh. Only half of the mixture is to be used.

After the rite, the remnants are then sent to the Tempel ov Blood (NO LONGER APPLICABLE). If no guiding Noctulian is available, then the initiate may opt to bury the mixture in a graveyard in a small wooden box. This box is also meant to contain a copy of the Tempels sigil – those foul blasphemous runes of hate. The initiate should pour the mixture onto the Sigil within the box. A small pinch of tobacco and goofer dust is often added to the mix, and Vampiric Initiates shall visualize their Wamphyric astral tendrils coming through the vial they have on their person and then draining the Blood Essence of the opfer. As an extra task, during the rite the Initiate is to get a notebook and sketch out the ToB Sigil 333 times. This notebook is then placed under one's pillow during sleep. This will stay until the end of the rite.

Lastly it is the unwavering kindred discipline spirit, and sinister intent that will pass the Initiate through such a difficult ordeal. Anything less is unworthy of a adherent. Some key trajectories are the realization of the three-fold nature of the Tempel, one being the Tempel is a living organism, that humanity in itself is nothing until post-humanism is achieved via acausal dissolving of the lowly flesh until they become the new being akin of the Homo Galactica, Noctulians, Vampyrs, Gorgons, and or Sinister Mythos. The mass weaponization of manipulation tactics for infiltration purposes is another focal point towards enhancing ones Sinister Pathway to abed in dialect for the primary goal of expelling the most potential acausal energies. Lastly, the disruption of Magian organizations and M.O.R.G funded acolytes. Whether it dabbles in the occult-type or Judeo-Christian values all are fair game and open season for the Noctivagant Noctulian.



18.333

The Red Abyss

The Red Abyss is the sanguine void of which lies beyond the threshold between thou flesh anew and the confrontation of primordial darkness. This is the state of being where the Chthonic Noctulian sheds away his feeble worthlessness of humanity, and enters the realm of the blood-web lineage of the vampyric undead.

Thou shall take up the swords of the Chthonic Noctulian pathway of which in itself is a horrid black pilgrimage that consist of a tretourous departure of dark programming and dissolution of their lowly humanity. To tap into this blood-web lineage of the ascended dark masters; those of the undead mythos need to becometh the one who so invites the era of horrificus with a grotesque allurement into thyself - the devout one.

The red abyss bestows itself spiritually and materially, destroying the herd mind of which is left behind from any even doused spirit that may have entered the grandeur nature of the red abyssal vortex, that of which is shattering faith and breaking the backbone of sub-humanistic society - cackling in crimson delight as the last embers of the last dregs flicker away, and embers of people are left scattered to the wailing winds, forgotten evermore.

An era, our era, of horrorficus fully begins when the truly devoted in all honest to those who dare cross the catacombs of chronozones' corridor – this is where faith will wither and bask in moulder, those who cannot take account for its malevolent origin and it’s awakening death spiral will open their doors to a landscape of eternal misery.

The red abyss acts as a collective reservoir of consumed blood essence, it is essentially the vault keeper of blood consumed and spilled by the Wamphyric Undead. Therein lies the Blood-Web, of which is strung amongst the crimson abyssal womb of which expels the blood-wave current which is tapped into the chthonic operatives serpentine bloodline.

Crossing the threshold in itself isn't an overnight and done operation – instead it is a unwavering commitment taken up by the aspiring Chthonic Noctulian. It is the most purest form a spiritual triumph to be amongst the Blood-Web with no resistance, and or descent into ritualistic flame frenzied madness .

BLOOD PRAEFECTUS

VEAL NOCTHYR

137YF

A DARK OMEN BY A MEMBER OF BLOOD-WAVE 435:

To the neo-nate of the Noctulian Blood Covenant, the red abyss becomes the true goal of glory upon this treacherous path where the pathetic human vessel sends the seeker towards a spiritual sanguination into the primordial Chaos - that of Tiamat; Ultimately ending in a somewhat divine descent back unto the material mundane masses, back from the red abyss, from Baphomet`s wamphyric-womb where the Great Draconic Mother created the true Evil beings to become the ultimate rejection of the "divine" abrahamic cosmos and be as free supernal entities within the space line of time, a string of pearl beads coiling and uncoiling time and time again…

When the aspiring Chthonic Noctulian sheds away the feeble worthlessness of his perceived prior perceptions of mass mundanity, the crimson curse of sub.humanity, and enters the blood-web, the reigning nobility lineage of the ascended masters, the vampyric undead thus invites the era of horrorficus into herself the devout one; the RED ABYSS!

An acceptance of the daemonic essence as the true nature of existence arises here; One comes to their own realization of the self and the cosmic corruption current. Here one transmutes itself as supernal being of ecstatic ectropic entropy, a true supernal wamphyr ascended amongst all of the astral.

SORROW OV SODOM:

“I bind myself to Eternal Damnation, Deofels Divine Darkness, I bind myself unto the haunting beauty of the venusian void Let the blood of infernal hunger paint my flesh shades in holy horrors Bathe me in thy saturnine secrets and bask with the demons of my blackened heart Let my hungers to forbidden acts and profane thirsts fill my soul prison Let my depraved needs and most blasphemous drives bring me closer to our primordial abyss To our Sacred Spirits of Suffering, To Our Dark Mother, To Our Dark Father, SANCTUS DIABOLI! AGIOS O DEOEL!”

…The Mundane World We Live in Must Perish. It Must be Destroyed. In Order to Liberate the Spirit we Must First Break the Physical Shackles that Bind Us. We Must Sever Our Material Anchors Thus, in the Smoldering Embers of the World, Our Satanic Aeon Will Begin…Sorrows Ov Sodom must fall as the Hellfire Ov Hinnom first graced the Valleys Ov Tophet. Those supposed once Holy lands must become graveyard gates to Gehennom, the once sacred soil now spoiled unto the same rotting cesspits until the mask of mother nature herself is corrupted beyond all-mundane recognition.Disease, mutation, and starvation: all the natural byproducts of The Father Of Lie`s cursed Earth must become paramount to s/he who is Devil Worshipper`s Malkuthic mission; By destroying this bastardised biome`s balance, the Deoefeic Devotee tyranically transforms their reality into a congregated corpse, a skeletal symphony, an infernal invasion of insidious proportions, a violated vindexian vessel; It must become where the archonic apprehensions of mass mundanity no longer detain the luciferic liturgies and can no longer sustain its despotic design where it shackles the Evil Trinity. Such must be obliterated – Obliterated beyond any possible repair, for there is no recompense for the slightest failure in shattering the serpent submission & no reprieve for the astral hell to descend upon the faces of east to west like biblical locusts; When these three imprisoned phosphoric pillars are sufficiently poisoned as antipode antidote to their archonic apprehensions, the fragile vestiges of reality itself for the Neo-Nate Noctulian will begin soon to tear itself apart and fro unto the phosphoric flames; The laws that bind the material world dissolve, the subtle body (the astral/ethereal) and the barriers between the living and dead uncoil from their egoist cycle that expands the crumbling cosmos.

Here now the enemies of the Kundalini must be awakened, not to climb the Tree of Wannabe-Wyrdicians, but to draw the Black-Op to the open mouth of the venusian vortex void. Now this has become more than just about loss of a singular aspect of identity, but about total consumption of the entirety of all-self into something beyond the mere humanity that has remained the flesh as a cage; it must become a vessel of demiurgic damnation, a crack in the psychic drive, no longer limited to the whining of self-delusion, but completely possessed by the infernal ichor of icarus descending from the Throne of Thy Tyrant to reclaim those of Satanic Stock born anew from the ashes. Through this process, the deofelic adept ceases to be an individual and becomes an instrument of universal umbulation, a dancing destructive deity, Yama himself condemning the very structure of this miserable existence; Come to know: The moment of final victory will not be precise, It will be disastrous and all will be perilous for all who bare witness and even moreso for those who witness from the depths of their too late realized despair… As the current spreads uncontrollably, the fabric of the Kingdom of Kane twists, warps, and eventually collapses in on itself. The Aeons' False Gods of "Order" will fall, unable to resist the dark divinity dreading within the tumultuous tide that overwhelms them, baptizing them in the blessed blood of those fallen fools – not heroes but fools for there are no winners in the race towards the great maya pralayah. The sub / human race will dissolve from a cohesive society, the collective reason and will plunge into terror and chaos.The eviscerated Earth will rot from its very core, the same core that planted the tree of the deceiver in Eden, and its landscape will turn into black earth of the screaming whore.

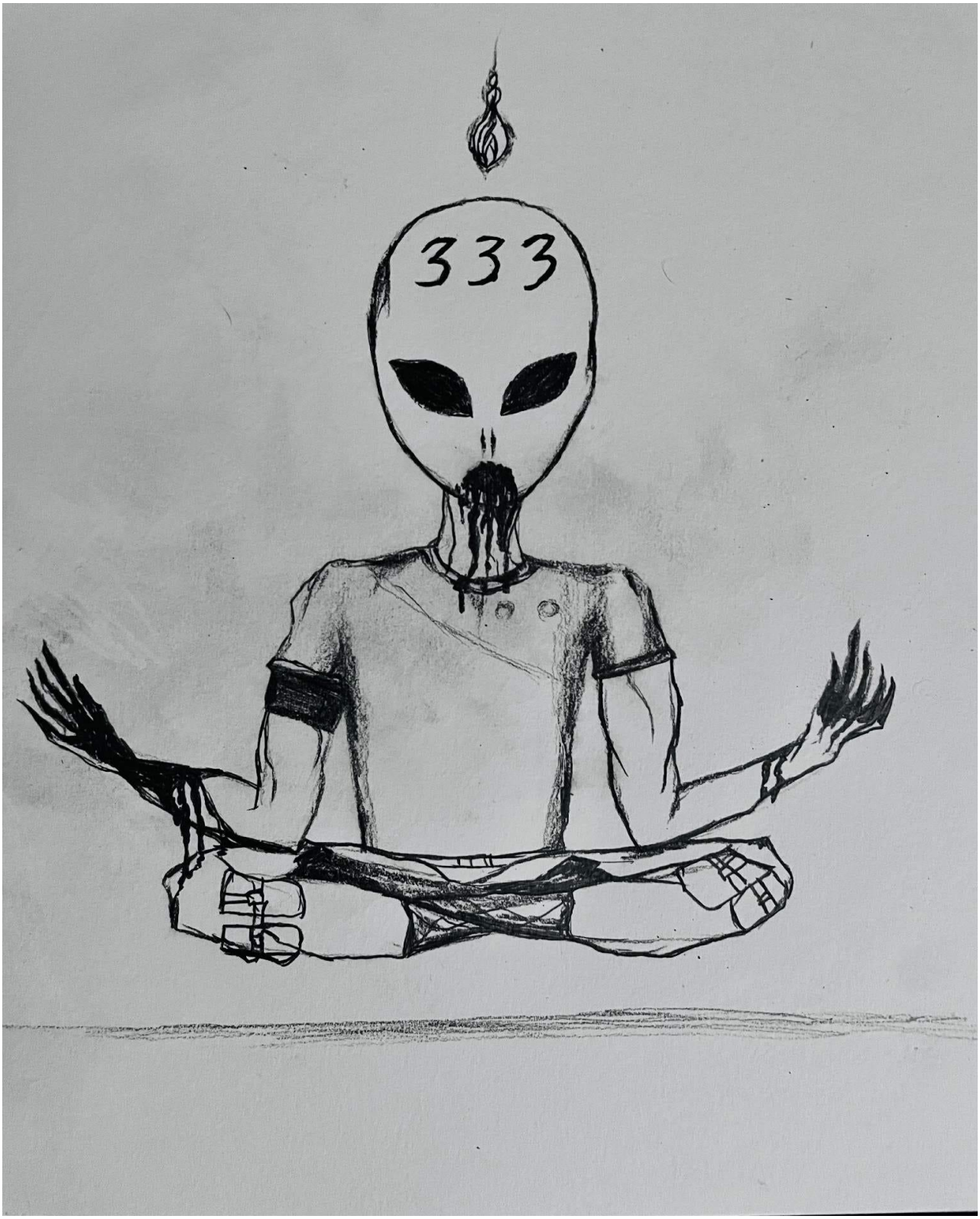
We make no excuses or apologies as our will is that of the Abyss and beyond the dichotomies of good and evil we dismantle the trappings of humanity and civility, obliterating the chains of psychic slavery that bind the somnambulant masses. Thus the 7 heavens ceiling shatter the Demiurge's warped wyrdic webs, unravelling the fabric of the space-serpent`s sacral stargates, and finally, the Dark Ones will come forth through those dark-spheres, beyond the purview of the machinist-mind; But do not be tricked into believing they come to serve as your saviours- they have become & always are/were & will be the most ridiculous destroyers of everything, the bringers of fantastical desecration to all wo/mankind has built from temple to temple. Come to know – Hell on this accursed Earth is not a distant dreamscape visionIt is reality if and only when YOU wake up to such reality is possible in the spiritual AND material… It is a war that must be fought without mercy, without hesitation, weakness and second-guessing. The era of pseudo-philosophy & the era of Virtue signaling is over and should be treated as such with utter disgust for what stands. This Aeon is crumbling into nothingness, soon to be over…. And thus, a completely maniacal period of orphic-ordeals will pave the way towards our Black Operatives' great dissolution unto the coming of Our New Aeon…

BLOOD PRAEFECTUS

MOLEKHOS

Member of Frequency 435

137yf


333

TREACHEROUS TO HELL:

Those treacherous to Hell are of the many-too-many, THEM ov mass-machinst-mundanity could never compare with the few-too-few ones Ov Black Nobility Ov Satan's Trident; Who willingly brutalise their inherited sub/human slavish sorrowful selfs, declaring unto DEVIL distasteful deeds demanding demiurgic destruction allowing the inner Self Daemon to become “reborn” in that yawning chasm, gaping wound of HER!

Success in doing so accepts the infernal initiate at the Gates Ov Gehenna lavishing in luciferic libations of The Red Abyss, Our Holy-Hell; through doing such they rush unto their Red Abyss, repeating the relentless cycle ov infernal-incarnation in the fosforic-flesh from the falsities of their failed-flesh…

Now deemed worthy Ov blood-blessings ov Black-Nobility…

- Such is the true Horroficus nature of the Undead Ways unto Supernal Wamphyric Ascendency!

Declare dissolution upon these pathetic plagued putrified prisons ov mass-machinst-manipulation!

AGIOS O BAFOMEY

AGIOS O SHAITANATAZOTH!

.

BLOOD PRAEFECTUS

MOLEKHOS

Member of Frequency 435

137yf

ROAD ov THE RED ABYSS:

The Road ov The Red Abyss is the existence of the predatory nature of TRULY Deofelic entities who have experienced hate & love of delightful depravity, the darkest recesses within the satanick-soul, the deofelic-desire of evil in the Dark Flames the primordial wombic waters has been kept secret until the time has come…

We are the dancing shadows of the true EVIL SPIRITS promoting a direct route to detoxification and transgression committed for the greater glory of Satan against all Sub / Human Scum and their entrails those who possess a certain superior power of perversion and internal aspects of inhuman complexity that we must carve out to successfully ensure the wrathful emergence of our Jungian Shadow and pure Heart of Darkness. We revere all the Forces of Evil, Satan in particular and the Dark Gods in general born from CHAOS whose origin is in the Spiritual World and the Material World. Our truly EVIL BY NATURE agents of terror have been able to move among the enemy armies of weak and worthless humanity without being detected; This usually infiltrates various other groups that have any characteristics or potential to expand the Realm of the Dark Immortals and the Aghorick Apotheosis, in the vast majority of cases radical political organizations (e.g. right or left political theories) that serve as means of hastening the Powers of Darkness and their many faces into all things. Each of our spiritual parasites who feed on the festering life energy of

humanity dedicates their oath of bloody pleasure to the supernatural ecstasy of Satan's darkest abyss and his filthy corruption and simply glimpse the pain and horrors of demonic beauty of the blood process of coagulation creation, a transformation into something TRULY BLACKENED as an Operative manifesting naturally in this world through Machiavellian magickal means- Our Neo-Nate Black Operatives use a number of our wretched workings to open a portal of ALIEINIC-ANARCHY, enacting in real life the will of the Forces of Evil, letting what remains of a pathetic and vulnerable carcass burn in the Black Flames, purifying your new ascendancy of self by incorporating into the physical character of the Adversary and of the real Diabolic, understanding in the best and most practical way through Devilish actions and witnessing the blood sacrifices spilled on the cemetery floor and ingested by the Darkness of Night will provoke the greatest fears and weaknesses in the hearts of these poseurs of the modern so-called satanist community who hide behind moral boundaries, as our growing will from the Darkness evolves to completely abandon ALL sense of "normality" within human existence as we come to claim our throne upon Shaitas Augurs ov Hell!

BLOOD PRAEFECTUS

MOLEKHOS

Member of Frequency 435

137yf

PROPHECIES OV THE FALSE LIGHT:

"All astrologers, magnetopaths, anthroposophist's, etc. have been arrested and their entire activities halted. Thus we have finally put an end to these fraudulent operations. Oddly enough, not a single clairvoyant predicted that he would be arrested. A poor advertisement for their profession!" – Joseph Goebbels

The horror of individuation becomes one's negative call to spiritual awakening, a call to greatness which is actually the paradoxical call for self-dissolution…

THEY false ones spew their direful dogma unto the mass machines who are programmed to see them as "God" made flesh; S/he who offers paradise not through liberation but through obedience, guilt, and deofefilic dependence stripping supernality from their sinistra spirit. The myth of sin and salvation is the ultimate mundane mechanism of control breaking the soul, then offering "healing"and "redemption" only if it kneels before them… We seek not this path and we see through those insipid illuminations of thousands of points of false-light and say no more!. No more shall the Chtonic creatures we employ shall be doused, they shall eradicate all elements of the fake ones (them false prophets who misguided the masses unto a mundane machine), they shall eviscerate the very core and decapitate the serpent-lion at the Head so they will come to know the realization that hath been coming as entropic eagles circle the 5 sides of mudane-millitary-masses.. Only those who continuously and ruthlessly violate their own comforts, those treacherous to Hell few-too-few who willingly betray their inherited sub/human principles with deliberate, ritualized ferocity in absolute depraved possibility, have the insidious possibility to cultivate the psycho physical state required for the a/causal Daemonic

to enter the human vessel without resistance. Come to know this is not a path for juvenile rebellion or for weekend costume goers; One must become that gaping wound of HERs, a full breach, an aperture through which the hellish ranks may pour unhindered. Here, the alien one aspirant who succeeds in this does not merely invite the infernal; they become the very threshold through which the Abyss incarnates itself in the phosphoric-flesh from the falsities of the flesh-cage; Such is the true nature of the Undead Ways unto Supernal Alienist Ascendency; A devoted dehumanization and strict metamorphic violence enacted upon the self until the self becomes something unrecognizable & now worthy of the gaze of the Black-Hand Nobility and the attention of the Daemonic Legions who lurk within and beyond the dirt-sphere & dark-spheres. We Are THE TRUE EVIL SPIRITS enacting the Wrathful Will of the Wamphyric Queen, Bafomeys Wings of Dissolution upon these plagued, putrefied lands!

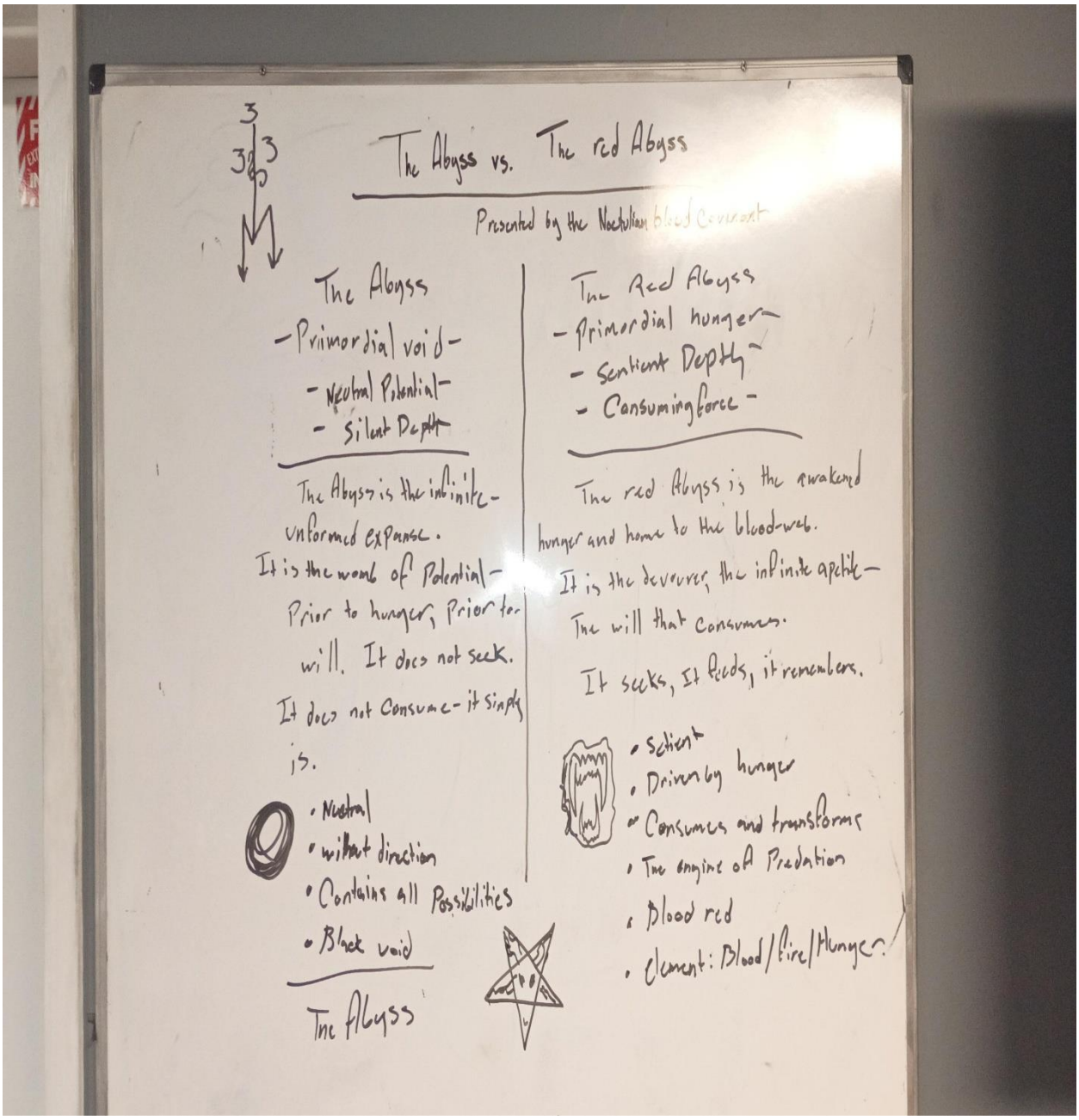
AGIOS O BAFOMEY AGIOS O SHAITANAZ !

BLOOD PRAEFECTUS

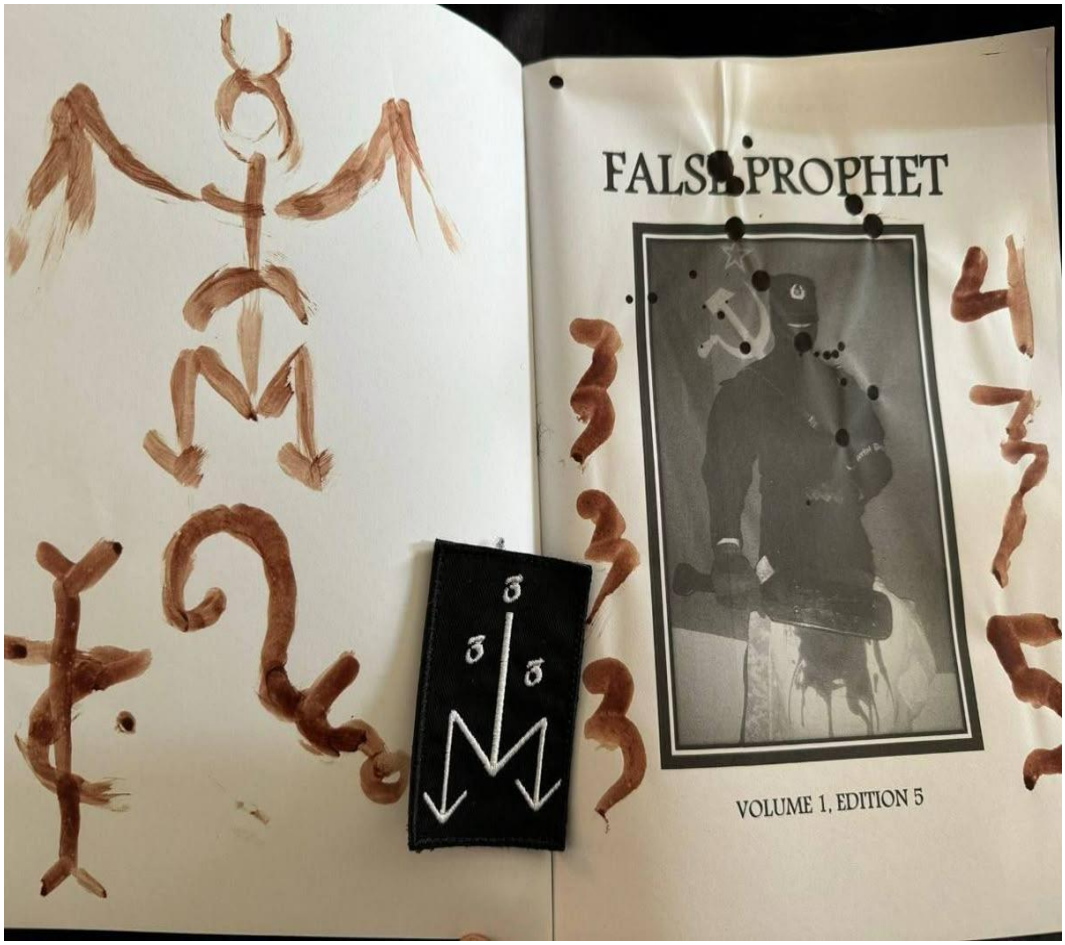
MOLEKHOS

Member of Frequency 435

137yf


The Abyss vs. The red Abyss
Presented by the Noctulian blood Covenant
The Abyss
- Primordial void -
- Neutral Potential -
- Silent Depth -
The Abyss is the infinite - unformed expanse.
It is the womb of Potential - Prior to hunger, Prior to will. It does not seek.
It does not Consume - it simply is.
• Neutral
• without direction
• Contains all Possibilities
• Black void
The Abyss
The Red Abyss
- primordial hunger -
- Sentient Depth -
- Consuming force -
The red Abyss is the awakened hunger and home to the blood-web.
It is the devourer, the infinite apetite - The will that Consumes.
It seeks, It feeds, it remembers.
• Sentient
• Driven by hunger
• Consumes and transforms
• The engine of Predation
• Blood red
• Element: Blood / fire / Hunger

BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD



Chthonic Noctulianism

The blood current rages amongst the blackened soil of the hell world, and in this potent rage awakens a malevolent nature. A nature attached to a ancient blood-line of predatory origins where fetishes of sublime power and cruelty are mere weapons of infliction; those who so seek out it's bubonic spread often endure some of the most horrific events amongst their existence of a flesh induced comatose. Though

existence no longer placates the balance of the scales of adversity; instead existence becometh consumption of those said damaging events.

Wielders of such woe can channel that churning hatred within, and craft it into a formidable weapon of the frequency of undeath, becoming solely a force of which drinks from the crimson lakes of blood and dispels endless arterial fire amongst those who oppose. This is sustenance to the vessel of the Chthonic Noctulian, nourishment foraged from the vein of the scared current of spilled life-force

NOCTULIANISM VS CHTHONIC NOCTULIANISM:

The Chthonic Noctulian path is one of the most horrid forms to aspire to. You must sheer away the all mundane aspects of your lowly humanity. Destroy your identity and deprive the constraints of morality of which imprison you from your fullest devilish potential. We have proven over, and over again that the Chthonic Noctulian entity cannot coexist with the Dark Gods - nor the Sinister Tradition. We simply don't believe in the parlay of a path constructed for the sole purpose of eventual abyssal stagnation; we wish to instead enter the ever-folding embrace of the Red Abyssal Womb of the continuity between death and becoming.

Noctulianism summons the awakening of a Noctivagant state of being, with dissolution of the weaker link of consciousness. An awakening of those hidden away forces which confine in us lies a misanthropic incantation, and predatory spiritual essence that seeks liberation from the limitations of the mundane existence. Born from darkness, of which our eyes adjusted.

Chthonic Noctulianism represents the deeper descent. It is what emerges after the former Noctulian no longer merely communes with the darkness – but descends beneath the tenebrous depths itself, unto the primordial becoming.

Noctulianism merely embraces the darkness, whereas Chthonic Noctulianism existed before the darkness. The conceivment of darkness as a transformative force is merely just the outer-shell to an even more darker truth, blood no longer exist as a means of ritual covenants – instead, blood is the universal answer of cosmic being. It is a direct nexioth of blood matter; of which makes up the Red Abyssal Womb and Blood-Web. Noctulian identity is merely a façade meant to be devoured as means of death and rebirth by the aspiring Chthonic Noctulian.

Blood goes beyond just making good fertilizer for the new, it instead is the fertilizer for universal existence. Blood is the element of power, and power is for those who so take it, drink from it, feed from it.

FEED ON EVERYTHING.

BLOOD PRAEFECTUS

VEAL NOCTHYR

137YF

BLOOD CURRENT

Burrowed deep beneath the hollow grounds of the apocalyptic hell world lies the gorgonics of the deep infliction of humanity. From this wretched state of perpetual darkness inhabitance thou have becometh grafted into that poisonous tree of forbidden knowledge. Thou serpent brought forth the rotten, and thus I have been bestowed the flesh anew; for we in league bear witness the engulfed mind ov darkness that cometh as vapors of horrific beast - howling and weeping like a ravenous pack of wolves

By thou blood-current, I am insatiable, I am insanity embodiment.

Above all else I deplore the lowly humane; for they have yet to realize the feeding has already begun, for thou is but terror incarnate that suckles the tit of malicious intent. From such the regime seized my body, and they violated me, but I found pleasure in the molestation. Through deviancy I have becometh the void of perpetual misery, where your attempts of correction and cohersion cannot dispossess my ideals - for they inhabit within the unholiest one.

Thy comforts of hiding behind a veil art no longer an option, and thy ways of deception only invoke thou malevolent entities of undeath. It is they who concourse with a horrifying voice of which speak through us of deeds undone. All that is revealed has been revealed through trespass, and such trespasses is thou embodiment of thy evil of which has no limitations, no concept of the construct of age, and only takes up limitless incantations.

Thou who take up flesh suits and defend its adornment art yet perpetual victims of its grand deception; for thy skin becometh the prison meant for desecration.